The World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.

JOSEPH PULITZER, Pres., 7 East 73d Street. J. ANGUS SHAW, Sec. Treas., 201 West 113th Street.

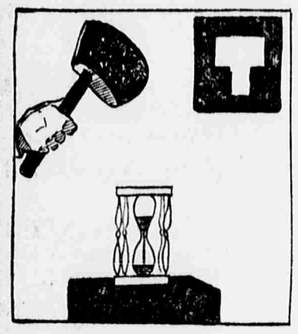
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.
One Year.....$3.50
One Month.....30

For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year.....$9.75
One Month.....85

VOLUME 49.....NO. 17,184.

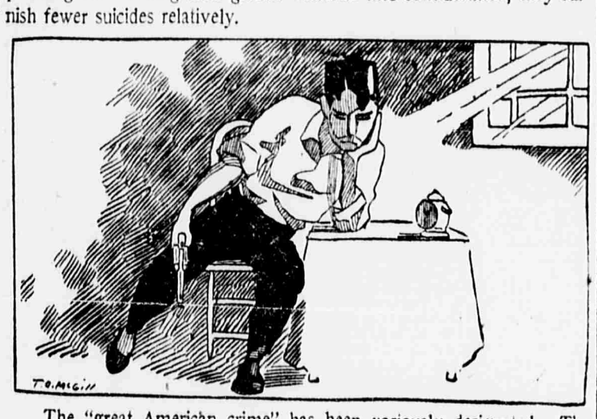
SUICIDE.



THE appalling number of suicides of persons well to do and educated cannot have escaped notice. A two-weeks' record of cases of self-slaughter reported in the news includes two clergymen, one the treasurer of a university; a college professor and poet, an inventor, two physicians, an American travelling in Europe with a bank credit of $25,000, an insurance manager. Two brides killed themselves, one a girl of sixteen.

Of those who left letters giving the reasons for the rash act one put the blame on religion, and others were "merely tired of life" or unable longer to bear pain. One ascribed the deed to "despondent spells for which my Creator is responsible." His Creator responsible for fits of depression following business reverses, or overeating, or a "night out!" It is a pitiful exhibition of masculine egotism.

The blame is not to be shifted. It rests on the shoulders of these unfortunates who rashly snuffed out their lives in obedience to the whim of the moment. Their suicide was confession, not necessarily of guilt, as in the case which led Webster to coin the phrase, and in the cases of defaulters and gambling bank presidents who slay themselves. But it was confession of moral weakness, of a violated trust; confession that the suicide was not worthy of the life which it was given him to live through to its natural end as the humble toilers live it, suffering but enduring and plodding on. Taking their greater numbers into consideration, they furnish fewer suicides relatively.



The "great American crime" has been variously designated. The slaughter of citizens by the railroads is so described. Lynching and the national riot of homicide are called by the name. But is not that more truly the great American crime which reduces the population by 5,498 in one year—suicide? In the five years from 1900 to 1904 inclusive, in the States requiring the registration of deaths, there were 20,834 suicides. In fifty cities during the decade from 1895 to 1904, 26,079 persons purposely made away with their lives.

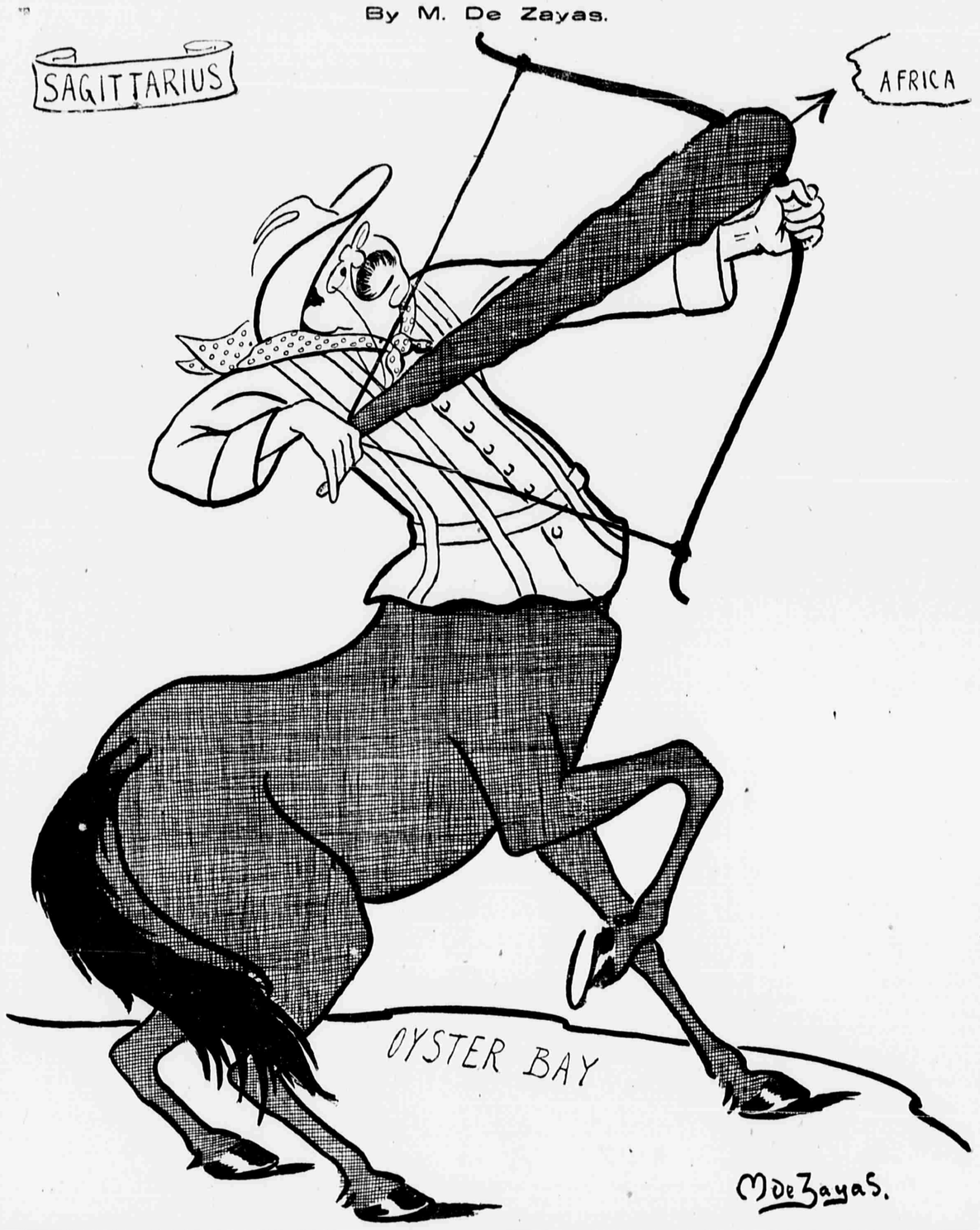
That is to say, suicide wiped out the equivalent of a population larger than that of Poughkeepsie, or equal to that of Gloucester. The loss of a Gloucester fishing crew on the Banks moves the nation to sympathy. What of the loss every ten years by self-slaughter of a community the size of all Gloucester?

If the suicide would only wait before pulling the trigger or drinking the glass of acid! If he would only temporize and give fate a day of grace! Another twenty-four hours and the whole aspect of life might change. The impulse to self-destruction might pass like a bad dream. A new incentive to live might arise. A pleasantry exchanged with a friend, a drink, a day's outing or a chapter from a novel might radically alter the current of thought and delay and defeat the morbid desire.

In London they are raising a national fund for a monument to a man who attempted suicide when a clerk in Madras a century and a half ago. This man was Robert Clive, afterward victor at the battle of Plassey and creator of a new empire. If the attempt had been successful King Edward would not be "Emperor of India," and Clive would not be accounted, as he is today, one of the greatest of Englishmen. Clive in the end died by his own hand, but that was thirty years after. His life is not exactly an example of Christian virtues. But it points one valuable moral for the would-be suicide: Wait! Give life another trial and yourself another chance.

Signs of the Zodiac---No. 5.

By M. De Zayas.



The Circumstances Under Which Mr. Jarr Made His Will And Mrs. Jarr's Rapid Diagnosis of the Lawyer's Report

By Roy L. McCardell.


ROY L. McCARDELL

ALMOST every household has its unofficial family doctor and lawyer—some friend they ask advice from in petty medical and legal matters, but whom they never pay.

It was the family-friend lawyer that Mrs. Jarr felt constrained to call upon. She told him all her troubles and asked him to have a talk with Mr. Jarr.

The family-friend lawyer was given directions as to where he would find Mr. Jarr, it being stated that he was always there and never spent a moment in his home.

"There" was, of course, Gus's place, where Mr. Jarr was sitting, forlorn and alone, at a table in the corner, wondering how long it would be before he would be able to have a cheerful home again, if ever.

"How are you, Ed, old man?" began the lawyer. "Have a drink?"

"Haven't touched a drop in a week," replied Mr. Jarr morosely. "I'm on the water wagon and on to stay."

"One won't hurt you," said the lawyer. "Come on and join me. Don't let a man drink alone."

"I'm going to let every man drink alone, and I'm going to let drink alone, too," said Mr. Jarr. "Never was on the stuff much anyhow, and the more I see of it the less I care for it."

"You might say you are glad to see me, anyway," said the lawyer.

"I am," said Mr. Jarr. "I want you to fix up my will for me."

"You are not expecting to quit us?" asked the lawyer.

"Who knows when his time comes?" replied Mr. Jarr in a hollow voice.

"I want to see that my wife gets my life insurance in case anything does happen."

"Oh, she'll get that without a will," said the lawyer.

"But it's best to have one—saves a lot of complications," said Mr. Jarr. "I want to leave my wife everything I have. I haven't anything, but I want to leave it to her. Of course, if she marries again my property is to go to my children. No, I'll leave that to her. She'll do the right thing, because she's the best woman in the world. She's too good for me."

"You had better talk this matter over with her and agree on the terms of your will," said the lawyer.

"No," said Mr. Jarr. "It might alarm her. I wouldn't alarm her for the world. You and I can settle this matter. Remember, she's to have everything."

"You haven't any private papers or anything like that at your office you wouldn't want your wife to see—things you'd like me to look over and destroy?" asked the lawyer. "Of course, it sounds nonsensical to talk that way to a man in good health and the prime of life, but, as you say, it's well to be prepared."

"No need of that," said Mr. Jarr virtuously. "My life has been an open book. I haven't anything at the office, no more than I have at home, that I'd be afraid for anybody to see!"

"Glad to hear it," said the lawyer. "But I only thought"——

"Say no more!" said Mr. Jarr generously. "The only thing I'd regret, if I were to die, is that I did not give up smoking long ago. I've wasted a lot of money in that way. And I've lost money playing poker too. Seven dollars twice and once five dollars, and Rangle and I have bet on the races a couple of times. A man regrets such wastefulness when he thinks the money would have meant more comfort and happiness to his family."

"Is that all you've wasted?" asked the lawyer. "I don't wonder you are worried; the good die young."

"Well, I've had to pay for the drinks when I played pinochle and did drink," said Mr. Jarr dolefully. "But I'll never touch another card and I'm on the wagon for good, so we'll let that go, although I wish there was some way I could make up for it. I'm going to try."

The lawyer blinked at this.

"Yes," said Mr. Jarr, "I want my will made, but I don't expect to die. I want to live and work hard for my family and leave them well to do, that's my one ambition. And while I'm living I'd like to be making a lot of money so my wife could have a good time and dress well. There's a fine woman, too good for me. Never complains or says a word!"

The lawyer friend said he'd attend to everything and bade Mr. Jarr a hearty good night.

He telephoned from the drug store on the next corner to Mrs. Jarr that she didn't deserve a good man like Edward Jarr.

"I might have known you'd go out drinking with him. I'll get a real lawyer!" replied the indignant lady.

Fifty Great Love Stories of History

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 32—LOUIS XVI. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD French boy and a fourteen-year-old Austrian girl were married in 1771. For years thereafter they were not in the least in love. It was only when danger threatened that they became lovers.

The girl was Marie Antoinette, one of the sixteen children of Marie Theresa, Empress of Austria. The boy was Louis, the Dauphin (Crown Prince) of France. In 1774 at the death of his grandfather he became King Louis XVI.

Louis was a short, fat, awkward, goggle-eyed youth, with the manners of a ploughman and the brain of a kindergarten child. He would have made a fairly good blacksmith. He made a wretched king. His highest idea of wit was to run up behind a servant who was staggering along with an overloaded trunk and to tickle him under the arms. Once in a mood of innocent merriment he broke with his cane the back of a pet dog that had ventured too close to him and laughed himself sick over the poor animal's death struggles. In a court whose exquisite grace and courtesy was world famous, this prince, who had the grace of an ice wagon and the courtesy of a sick bear, won the title of "The Lubberly Lout," and was openly laughed at by everyone. Marie Antoinette had little more sense than her boy-husband. But she was pretty, frivolous and vivacious. Incidentally she was heartless, and was a delighted meddler in politics (which she did not in the least understand). She joined in the ridicule against her lubberly husband. He did not resent this. In fact, he was not, at first, sufficiently interested in his pretty wife to resent anything. He neglected her—not through malice, but stupidity—and left her to amuse herself in the gay court, undisturbed by his companionship. He did not so much as kiss her until after they had been married two or three years.

An Odd Pair of Lovers.

Marie Antoinette, thrown upon her own resources for entertainment, launched out in a career of gaiety which, while innocent enough, made her decidedly unpopular. She was an Austrian—and France hated Austria. She was fond of romping—and the stiff French court frowned on such breach of etiquette. She dressed so gaudily that her mother on receiving her picture sent it back with the rebuke: "This is not a princess. It is some actress." At church Marie Antoinette would kneel reading her prayerbook with a reverent attention that won her fine reputation for piety—until it was discovered that the prayerbook covers merely hid the pages of a revoltingly improper novel. She knew so little of the needs of the people that when she heard that the poor were dying for lack of bread she asked: "If they can't get bread, why don't they eat cake?"

Such were the two empty-headed children who, in 1774, were called upon to rule France, at a time when that nation's fortunes required government by the wisest of brains and the noblest of hearts. For centuries France had been misruled. Yearly the plain people were more and more cruelly taxed to provide money for the King and the nobles to throw away in wild extravagance. The poor were treated like dogs. Yet, such was their loyalty to the throne that the populace at large had endured all this injustice, and were prepared to endure much more, sooner than to cast down that expensive, useless figurehead known as "Royalty." But Louis XVI. had a positive genius for making blunders. His wife was perhaps the only person in history who could make worse ones. Together they formed a combination of criminal folly that within fourteen years robbed France of its last traces of loyalty to the throne. It is a mistake to think the French people were ripe for revolution when Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette came to the throne. They were not. Never had a French King's accession been more gladly hailed. Every one believed Louis would bring about an era of good times. He was almost worshipped by the nation at large. Perhaps no other couple on record could so thoroughly have turned this devotion to hatred in so short a time.

Louis and Marie Antoinette grew to be sincerely attached to each other. There is no doubt the stupid King learned to worship his vain, foolish wife, and to rely on her advice, as had Charles I., of England, on that of Henrietta Maria. And with the same result. When the people grumbled the Queen laughed to scorn her husband's vague idea of granting them justice. When famine and horrible poverty stalked abroad, it was she who persuaded Louis to dismiss such statesmen as were trying to reduce expenses and to enter upon new and greater courses of extravagance. Through his love for Marie Antoinette, more than by any other cause, Louis worked out his own destruction. For, in 1789, the people rose against tyranny and destroyed the Bastile prison, which was that tyranny's chief symbol. Even then, by listening to wise counsel, Louis could have saved his crown and his head. Instead he let himself be guided by the Queen and her friends. As a result the French Revolution set in. Louis was dethroned, then imprisoned, then beheaded. Marie Antoinette, whom the people looked upon as the author of their wrongs, was also cast into prison and made to suffer such indignities that her hair turned white. A less romantic cause for this sudden whitening of the Queen's hair is suggested by historians, who say that in prison she could procure none of the hair dye by which she had hitherto fought off this sign of premature old age. On Oct. 16, 1793, Marie Antoinette was beheaded.

The Fall of the Bastile.

This Queen has been idealized as a martyr and denounced as vile. As a matter of fact, she was merely a silly, heartless, vain woman who paid heavily for the wholesale sufferings she had caused.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland


HELEN ROWLAND

IT is uncertainty that makes the weather or a woman interesting; there wouldn't be any fun in life if both of them were monotonously pleasant all the time.

If you want a man to hate a girl, ask her to meet him every time he calls; too much of anything, dinner, or champagne, or a woman, is bound to take away his appetite.

It doesn't require mental science for a man to keep on telling a rich girl that he loves her until he believes it himself.

The late financial panic sinks into insignificance beside the panic of the man who has started to tip the waiter in a smart restaurant and discovers that he has just one 50-cent piece left in his pockets.

Before marriage, when a man is moody and glum, a girl longs to know what is eating at his heart; after marriage she merely wonders what he has been eating for luncheon.

A man's remorse on "the morning after" is such a little thing beside the headache that he scarcely notices it.

The man who kisses a woman against her will has about as much idea of sentiment as a boaconstrictor of table manners.

Letters from the People.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

A man coming to this country from England, never becoming a citizen, has a son born in this country, can that son vote without taking out naturalization papers, the father having resided here twenty-three years?

L. HAMM.

Bayonne, N. J.
636 West End avenue.

Will Have to Wait.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

I am six years in America. I came here under eighteen years. Am I entitled to my full papers, or must I get my first, and then after two years get my full papers? ED. O'CONNOR.

No. 252 East Fifty-second street.

You must take out first papers and wait two years.

The Trees in Central Park.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Much has been said about the dying trees in Central Park and the enormous expenditure it requires to maintain their healthy condition. Many trees are completely dead, a great number are rapidly withering. The leaves, the natural sustenance and fertilizer, are taken away, putting nothing in their place. The leaves should never be removed. Let them lay until spring to be buried near trees and bushes. Then like in a forest the lives of the trees are insured. The absence of leaves dries the soil and the roots of the plants. Leaves not alone enrich the ground; they also hold the moisture so essentially necessary to all vegetation. FRED DIEHL.

No. 1827 Lexington avenue.

Three Miles.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Kindly inform me of the width of the Hudson river between Tivoli and Saugerties, N. Y.

HAROLD W. COWEN.

No. 1392 Third avenue.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Kindly inform me whether or not the New York fire engines went to Chicago at the time of the Iroquois Theatre fire. R.

Address Secretary Maritime Exchange, No. 78 Broad Street, City.

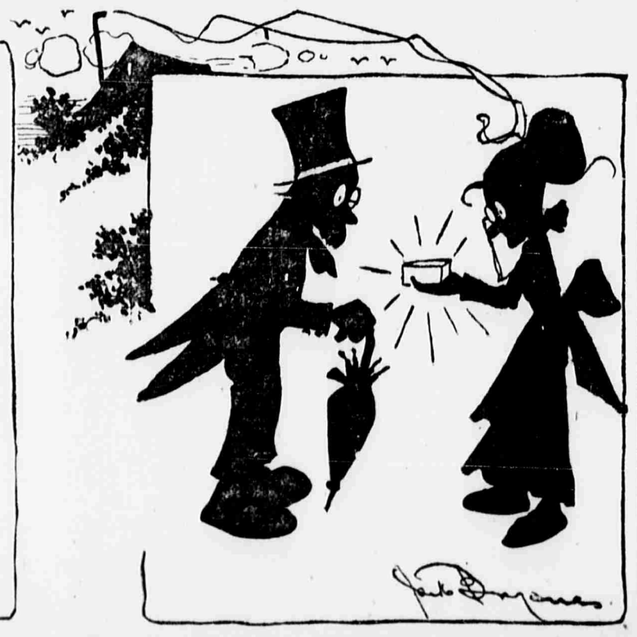
To the Editor of The Evening World.

Where in New York is a marine employment agency? Am trying to get position as assistant purser. R. A.

Society Notes From Podunk

By J. K. Bryans

"Why, how do you do, uncle. How's all the folks?"
"They're all well 'cept Bill. He's married."



"Sakes alive, Hiram! How could you afford it?"
"That's all right, Maria. They sold me that gold brick on their new easy payment plan—a dollar down an' a dollar a week!"

How Moving Pictures Are Made.

By Harris Merton Lyon.

FOUR THOUSAND people packed the space in front of Borough Hall, Brooklyn, the while they gazed at a baseball bulletin board. The police moved here and there clearing the car tracks. Up came a boy. He didn't look much like a boy—because he was an actor. Behind him toddled an old woman, and behind her a stage manager, a camera man, and a helper. Scarcely had the old woman established herself on the curbstone before a trolley car came clanging down the avenue. The boy spat professionally on his hands. The old lady gathered herself together. The car was thirty feet away and bowling along in lively fashion, writes Harris Merton Lyon in the New Broadway Magazine.

"Now, go!" yelled the stage manager.

Out onto the tracks she went. It was a business of seconds and split seconds. Subtly somewhere a camera began clicking off its little stamp pictures, the photographer turning away at a crank like a housewife grinding coffee.

"Now, you!" was the second command.

This time the boy leaped out. The car came jarring to a standstill. The motorman jumped down to the rescue.

"Keep back!" The stage manager again. "Let the boy save her."

Then the crowd took its eyes off the baseball results long enough to stare at the picture of a young man carrying an old woman in his arms to safety out from under the very wheels of the terrible trolley car. "Who got hit?" "Was the old lady hurt?" "What is it, an accident?" No; it was the American Vitagraph Company's crew of five-dollar-a-day actors, bound on their day's work of telling in pictures the heroic "Life of a New York Lad"—six hundred feet of it, and twenty pictures to the foot.